642. b. 28. 3

THE FAIR CIRCASSIAN,

A Dramatic Performance.

Done from the *ORIGINAL*

By a Gentleman-Commoner of *Oxford*.

—ſine Me, Liber, ibis in Urbem. Ovid.

The SECOND EDITION Corrected.

To which are added

Several OCCASIONAL POEMS,

By the ſame AUTHOR.

LONDON,

Printed for *J. Watts*; and Sold by SAMUEL CHAPMAN at the Angel in *Pall-Mall*, and WILLIAM CHETWOOD at *Cato's* Head in *Ruſſel-ſtreet*, *Covent-Garden*.

MDCCXXI.

TO

Mrs *Anna Maria Mordaunt.*

MADAM,

THE Three Graces, which, above all other Arts, so powerfully charm the Soul, are Poetry, Painting and Music. And each of these is nothing else but a certain agreeable Beauty made up of a regular Composition of Language, Colour and Sound; which finding

their Way to the Mind by thoſe two noble Inſtruments of Senſation, the Eye and the Ear, entertain it in the higheſt Perfection. All theſe probably were exerted together in *Solomon*'s Fair One; as the preſent Age is convinc'd they are in You. Her Language, like your's, was natural Poetry; her Voice Muſic; and the excellent colouring and formation of her Features, Painting: But, ſtill like your's, drawn by the inimitable Pencil of Nature, Life it ſelf; a Pattern for the greateſt Maſters, but copying after none; I will not ſay Angels are not caſt in the ſame mold.

Thus

Thus *Solomon* was a Poet, and thus I tranſlate. He drew the Charms which his beautiful *Saphira* preſented; and I tranſcribe from You. We may equally boaſt of being inſpir'd, each of our Breaſts having been fill'd with a Goddeſs: only with this Difference; that my Poem ought to excell, as I have had the Advantage of a brighter Object; Whoſe Beauties, as yet unſullied by the wanton Gales of Love, like new-faln Snow, glitter with a ſuperior Luſtre.

I us'd to contemplate this happy Monarch's Love, with Pleaſure; and behold his Charmer with Admiration. Forgive me,

injur'd Maid, I deſpis'd our cold Northern Iſlands for producing ſo indifferent a Race of Females; no more to be compar'd with the Idea I had form'd of Her, than *Spenſer*'s ſnowy Lady, to the real *Florimel*. But when I ſaw You, like the Star which is Harbinger of the Day, dart thro' the Gloom and glow with Charms too bright to be beheld, good Gods! how aſtoniſh'd, how chang'd I was! I view'd You, as the Angels did the new-created World, with exceſſive Delight; and inſtead of admiring *Saphira*, ador'd You.

O lovely Deity, pardon the Preſumption of this Addreſs, and

favour

favour my weak Endeavours. If my Confeſſion of your divine Power, is any where too faint, believe it not to proceed from a want of due Reſpect, but of a Capacity more than Human. Whoever thinks of You can no longer be Himſelf; and if He could, ought to be ſomething above Man to celebrate the Accompliſhments of a Goddeſs.

To You I owe my Creation, as a Lover; and in the Beams of your Beauty only I live and move and exiſt. If there ſhould be a total Suſpenſion of your Charms, I muſt fall to nothing. But it ſeems to be out of your Power to deprive us of their kind

Influence; where-ever you ſhine they fill all our Hearts; and you are charming out of Neceſſity, as the Author of Nature is good.

You too are heavenly, and therefore muſt be good. O permit Me, your hopeleſs, yet moſt ſincere Suppliant, to approach the Altar of your Beauty; to offer up the firſt Fruits of my Muſe, and, with a diſtant Hope, to implore your Favour. My Infidel Heart was firſt converted by your Charms, and will triumph with Conſtancy under all the Sufferings it ſhall meet with in their Service: And tho' Want of ſufficient Merit may juſtly bar it from the Expectation of a future

Re-

DEDICATION.

Reward, yet, O divine Being, indulge me the temporal Happiness of ſubſcribing my ſelf

Your Moſt Devoted,

Moſt Obedient, and

Moſt Humble Slave.

PREFACE.

THO' the following Tranſlation comes into the World obſcurely and without a Name, as if it were ſome ſpurious Offspring not proper to be countenanc'd; yet give me leave to obſerve that theſe natural Children of the Muſes, which are moſt commonly begotten in a Heat of Poetic Blood, and a great Vigour and Strength of Fancy, are often more healthy and long-liv'd than others, and carry the Marks of an eaſier Spirit and a more florid Conſtitution. If to theſe Advantages of Birth, the happy Incidents of Education are added, ſuch as drawing the refin'd Air of *Parnaſſus*, playing upon the Banks of *Helicon*, and cooling their youthful Heat by repeated Draughts of the Fountain *Hippocrenè*, I need not ſay how far theſe ſtoln Conceptions will exceed any Thing that is labour'd in the vulgar indifferent Way of a cuſtomary Eſpouſal. That the Thoughts of this Performance were as well ſuggeſted by Genius and Nature, as improv'd by the common Rules of Art, cannot be queſtion'd by Thoſe who view the Author in that Light which he has given us of Himſelf; as a young Lover inſpir'd with the Charms, and furniſh'd with a Deſcription from

the

the Beauties of the fair Creature, whoſe Name he has plac'd before his Dedication.

He a was Gentleman-Commoner of *Oxford*, the Heir and Hopes of a Family of good Condition and Repute in that County; whoſe natural and acquir'd Qualities were ſuch as might juſtify a particular Panegyric; but, ſince his Name is to be conceal'd, we will mention no other Inſtances of that Nature, than this only, which his Friends have conſented ſhould be made public. He died this laſt Winter, of that Diſtemper which Phyſicians call a Fever upon the Spirits; when the Indiſpoſition ſeems to proceed more from ſome Uneaſineſs of Mind than Illneſs of Body; and is ſuch as either eludes their Art, or falls not within their Method of Preſcription. This Deſign ſeems to have been executed the Summer before; upon his having accidentally been in Company with the fair Lady, who at once kindled in his Breaſt the Fires of Love and Poetry. And this, being a Circumſtance never ſuſpected by his Friends, has made them apprehenſive, that ſome real or imaginary Diſcouragement might have hover'd over his young Paſſion, and given it this fatal Blaſt in it's ſo early and tender Bloom. But as all this is only Conjecture, they don't pretend to accuſe any Perſon living as acceſſary to their unfortunate Loſs; they only deplore their not knowing the particular Situation of his Mind, that they might have endeavour'd to apply the proper Preſervative. That He deſign'd the following Sheets for the Preſs

ſeems

ſeems pretty plain, not only from hi having written the Dedication, (of which, together with the Poem, ſince the firſt Edition, we have found a more correct Copy) but particularly ſpecifying that He had taken the Fourth Chapter from *Steele*'s *Miſcellanies* with ſome few Alterations; as He ingenuouſly acknowledges in a marginal Note. And therefore juſt as He left them, they are ſent into World: with the ſame Title Page; by which it looks as if He intended to conceal his own Name from public Notice, while he had the Pleaſure in Obſcurity to blazon the Charms of his Miſtreſs, by copying from her the ſeveral Features of the Beauty he draws; which, conſidering the Eaſtern Manner, and allegorical Expreſſion, does in his Hands become an Original. And whether, by thus taking the diſtinct Perfections of his celebrated Piece from one ſingle Perſon, he may have ſucceeded ſo well as *Apelles*, who drew his *Venus* from a Collection of beautiful Parts taken from a Number of the compleateſt Females he could meet with, I muſt leave Thoſe to judge who have ſeen the young Lady that furniſh'd the whole Magazin of Graces, ſo well diſpos'd in this unhappy Scholar's Portrait. Whether He intended to have written any Thing by way of Preface or Apology, we cannot determine; but nothing of that Kind appearing, has made us think it proper to give this Account of the Occaſion, and what follows of the Manner, of our Author's Conduct in this Affair.

It

It is certain that He has all along kept the Senſe of the vulgar Tranſlation in view; and if what he was oblig'd, by the Nature of his Deſign, to add, has given no true Illuſtration to the ſublime Meaning of the Allegorical Writing; ſo neither, may we venture to ſay, has it diminiſh'd, or debas'd, or any way alter'd the Senſe of it; but left it full as applicable now, as ever it could be in the Original. That *Solomon* did not directly and immediately intend this as a Kind of *Opera* or dramatic Performance to celebrate the exceeding Happineſs he enjoy'd in a mutual Intercourſe of Pleaſures, with a Woman of his *Seraglio*, can be inſiſted on by no one who conſiders the Nature of his own and his Father *David*'s Prophetic Writings; where, tho' ſome other Meaning than what appears may be couch'd by a ſupernatural Direction; yet the plain and obvious Senſe was always underſtood of their own Affairs, and by them ſuited to ſome particular Occurrences of no extraordinary Kind.

This being allow'd, we will endeavour to find out who the Perſon was, which has been diſtinguiſh'd to Poſterity by ſuch a tender Deſcription and warm Repreſentation of her own and her royal Maſter's Paſſion. And tho' this may ſeem to be an Inquiry of a nice and difficult Nature, but of little or no Advantage to the Commonwealth of Letters; yet I hope to make ſome Diſcovery in it, for an Embelliſhment of this particular Piece, and for the Satisfaction of my candid Readers the

La-

Ladies. I know that this *Sultana* has been vulgarly ſuppos'd to be *Pharaoh*'s Daughter, becauſe *Solomon* is recorded, to have eſpous'd ſuch a one; For in the * Hiſtory of his Life and Actions it is expreſsly mention'd, that he enter'd into an Alliance with *Pharaoh* King of *Egypt*, and married his Daughter, and brought her home to the City of his Father *David:* and after he had finiſh'd the Temple at *Jeruſalem*, and ſome other public Edifices of Strength and Beauty, he built a Palace for her particularly; which looks like a Mark of very great Favour and Eſteem; as it probably was, and nothing elſe. For having married the Daughter of ſo powerful a Prince, as the King of *Egypt*; (very likely for Reaſons of State, and to ſtrengthen the Intereſt of his own Country by an Alliance with ſo formidable a Potentate;) he could not help ſhewing all the Regard that was due to her high Birth and Condition; by building her a ſeparate Court, and granting her ſuch an Allowance as might be ſufficient to ſupport her in a proper Grandeur. And this he might do without the leaſt Embaraſſment of his private Pleaſures, or Oppreſſion of his Subjects; if we conſider, that by the admirable Treaty of Commerce which he had eſtabliſh'd with a maritime Power, he had made Gold and Silver at Home, as plenty as the Dirt in the Streets. Now, that the Lady here introduc'd

* 1 *Kings* iii. 1. vii. 8. 2 *Chron.* viii. 11.

could

could not be this *Egyptian* Princeſs, ſeems reaſonable from hence; becauſe ſhe is character'd as a private Perſon, a Shepherdeſs, one that kept a Vineyard, and was us'd ill by her Mother's Children. All which will correſpond very well with ſomebody elſe; but can't, without great ſtraining be drawn to fit ſo illuſtrious a Princeſs. Not but that this luxurious and rich Prince could well afford to maintain all his Concubines, in their ſeveral Houſes and Gardens of Pleaſure with a Magnificence truly Royal; as it is probable he did many of them. And this Lady ſeems to be attended with a Number of Female Slaves appropriated to her own particular Uſe: Tho' it is as probable that he often diverted himſelf privately with them as a Shepherd in Maſquerade, in his Groves and Wilderneſſes, curiouſly conſiſting of the moſt exquiſite rural Amuſements, and the moſt delicate Collections of Flowers, Fruits and Spices. And He is here deſcrib'd as coming by Stealth in the Night to her Chamber or Apartment, and She as privately ſollicitous in her Search after him; which probably was a concerted Deſign upon ſuch Occaſions, to enliven their Pleaſures, by making them ſeem attended with Danger and Difficulty: All which are a Sort of little agreeable familiar Liberties, not ſo conſiſtent with the Formality and Ceremony commonly us'd with a royal Conſort.

Therefore ſeeing we have ſo good Reaſon to conclude that this was not *Pharaoh*'s Daughter, we will next endeavour to ſhew who She was.

And

And here we are deſtitute of all manner of Light but what is afforded us by that little *Arabian* Manuſcript mention'd in the Philoſophical Tranſactions of *Amſterdam* 1558, ſaid to be found in a Marble Cheſt among the Ruins of *Palmyra*, and preſented to the Univerſity of *Leyden* by Dr. *Hermannus Hoffman*. The Contents of which are ſomething in the Nature of Memoirs of the Court of *Solomon*; giving a ſuccinct Account of the chief Offices and Poſts in his Houſhold; of the ſeveral Funds of the royal Revenue; of the diſtinct Apartments in his Palace there; of the different *Seraglio's*, being ſixty two in Number, in that one City. (Tho' our young Author ſeems to ſuppoſe all the King's Miſtreſſes were kept in One.) Then there is an Account given of the *Sultanas*; their Manner of Treatment and Living; their Birth and Country, with ſome Touches of their perſonal Endowments, how long they continu'd in Favour, and what the Reſult was of the King's Fondneſs for each of them. Among theſe there is particular Mention made of a Slave of more exceeding Beauty than had ever been known before; at whoſe Appearance the Charms of all the reſt vaniſh'd, like Stars before the Morning Sun; that the King cleav'd to her with the ſtrongeſt Affection, and was not ſeen out of the *Seraglio* where She was kept, for above a Month. That ſhe was taken Captive, together with her Mother, out of a Vineyard on the Coaſt of *Circaſſia*, by a Corſair of *Hyram* King of *Tyre*, and brought to

Jeru-

Jeruſalem. It is ſaid ſhe was plac'd in the Ninth *Seraglio* to the Eaſt of *Palmyra*, which in the *Hebrew* Tongue is call'd *Tadmor*. Which, without further Particulars, are ſufficient to convince us, that this was the charming Perſon, ſung with ſo much Rapture by the royal Poet; and in the Recital of whoſe Amour he ſeems ſo tranſported. For She ſpeaks of her ſelf as one that kept a Vineyard; and her Mother's introducing Her in one of the Gardens of Pleaſure, (as it ſeems She did at the firſt preſenting of her to the King) is here diſtinctly mention'd. The Manuſcript further takes Notice that ſhe was call'd *Saphira*, from the heavenly Blue of her Eyes; which are Hints I find the ingenious Tranſlator has taken, from ſome Converſation we once had upon this Head. And now I think, if this Roll of Parchment may be allowed to have lain uncorrupted ſo many hundred Years; as in a Cheſt of durable and firm Marble, well cemented and lying in a dry ſandy Earth, may not be impoſſible; there can be no Reaſon to ſuſpect the fair *Circaſſian*, and the celebrated Beauty in the Song, for being different Perſons.

I ſhall only beg your Patience, kind Reader, while I add a Word or two more by way of Apology for the young Gentleman's Performance, which You have, ſuch as it is, without any Alteration. There are ſome Things which I cou'd have wiſh'd might have been drawn over with another Colouring; and which, had they come to my View in my Pupil's Life-time, as his Tutor,

I shou'd have advis'd Him to have cast in another Form. But being become as it were a Relique since his Death, I look upon it as a kind of Profaneness to change it's Shape; as well as profess my Want of Capacity to set any Thing of this Kind in a more beautiful Light. Yet I would fain excuse, what I am not certain to be irreproveable; and must desire the Reader of a nice Ear, if he meets with any Thing not so well tun'd, to consider it as the first Attempt of a Novice; whose Eagerness is apt to precipitate them too much; especially in their first Performances. Tho' from my Pupil's usual Correctness in his College Exercise, I may venture to pronounce of him what *Ovid* did of himself, when prevented from reviewing his Works by a less fatal Occasion,

Emendaturus, si licuisset, erat.

whatever is too puerile, loose, or superfluous, would certainly in a great measure have been prun'd away; and the Roughnesses fil'd and polish'd into a more agreeable Lustre. But, however I will venture to say as it is, that the Images which here and there appear in a loose Dress, are no more than Copies of the antique Drapery, and to any who would be thought free from Prudery, may appear without the least Exception. If the Muse is bold, and plain in the Original, she only puts on an Air of Freedom, to take an Opportunity of discovering some of her Beauties; and if the Copyist uses the same Artifice, tho' he miscarries in his Attempt,

tempt, he ſhould not be blam'd for endeavouring to imitate ſuch a Maſterſtroke. The great Fear is that he has drawn his Copy in too faint a Light; which very Fault, if he be guilty of it, will ſcreen him from the Imputation of having run into the other Extreme, and outdone the Boldneſs of his Original.

For my Part, if I may be allow'd to ſpeak without Suſpicion of Partiality, I think it inferiour to few of the Productions of late Years, for the Sublimity of Diction and Harmony of Numbers. Were any of our modern Tragedies interlac'd with ſome of the golden Wires drawn from theſe Love-Speeches, how would they glitter and dazle the Ears of the Audience, and ſet off the dry and inſipid Stuff, with which moſt of their courſe-ſpun Pages are lin'd.

Purpureus, latè qui ſplendeat, unus & alter
Aſſuitur Pannus.----

whereas this is a whole Piece of rich glowing Scarlet; which cut out into thin Shreds and ſtitched upon their Heroes and Princeſſes, would ſhine thro' a hundred Plays; filling the Heads of the Beaus with Rapture, and the Hearts of the Ladies with Tenderneſs: dwelling upon their Lips in endleſs Repetitions, and obliging them to ſpend their agreeable Voices in paſſionate Encomiums upon the Author.

But

But I have done; I pray this Fondneſs may be excus'd: as Guardian to a Virgin Muſe, I may be allow'd to recommend my Charge in my own Market Phraſe; and provided the World is but civil to that, they have my free Leave to take what Liberties they pleaſe, with my aukward and odd Manner of introducing it.

Oxon. March 25, 1720.

THE FAIR *CIRCASSIAN.*

PROLOGUE.

VIRGINS of *Albion*, Ye fair Female Kind,
Who live to Love's ſoft Meaſures well inclin'd,
Whoſe gentler Minds have known the pleaſ-[ing Smart,
And felt his Venom trickling thro' your Heart,
To You the following tender Scenes I write;
To You, beſt Judges of the beſt Delight.
Thrice Happy He, who could his Muſe employ
To heighten and improve ſo fine a Joy!

Hence the ſoft Sex conveniently may find
What Pleaſures flow from Love with Prudence join'd;
What ſweet Ideas flutter in the Breaſt,
By melting Lips what Raptures are expreſt;

How ſafe the Joys that fill their circling Arms,
When Men of Senſe are truſted with their Charms.

Nor let the Style or Foreign Phraſe offend,
'Twas thus thoſe *Eaſtern* Beaus their Paſſion pen'd;
The Sentiments were ſuch, in ſuch a Pair,
Where He was moſt diſcreet, and She moſt fair:
Tho' we may well conclude, from what is writ,
The Man had Beauty, and the Woman Wit.

Attend! the Lady firſt ſhall Silence break;
'Tis thus the faithful Story makes Her ſpeak.

CANTO I.

SHE.

O Love! thy mighty Burnings who can bear!
What Thirſt, what Fever can with mine compare!
With Speed conduct me to the lovely Swain
That fires my Soul and cauſes all my Pain;
'Tis only that dear Youth whoſe balmy Kiſs
Can mitigate my Smart with healing Bliſs.
O come, my Deareſt, come, and hither bring
Thy Lips adorn'd with all the blooming Spring.
A Thouſand Sweets their fragrant Atoms blend,
Which, in a Gale of Joy, thy Breath attend:

Such

Such ſoothing Cordials to my Soul apply,
Heal me with Kiſſes, Love, or elſe I dy;
With poignant taſteful Kiſſes, ſuch as thine,
Whoſe Flavour far excells the richeſt Wine.

At the dear Mention of thy charming Name,
The bluſhing *Nymphs* diſcloſe their hidden Flame;
While *Zephyrs* bland the pleaſing Accents bear,
Perfumes are wafted thro' the gentle Air;
The pow'rful Sound enchants the liſtning Grove,
And tender Damſels ſicken into Love.

Where-e'er You go, where-e'er your Steps You move,
Thither I'm hurried on the Wings of Love;
His ſilken Cords my yielding Limbs enthrall,
And I muſt follow my Beloved's Call;
But, while ſuch mighty Charms as his invite,
My Chains are Tranſport, and my Task Delight.

What wou'd my Prince, my lovely Tyrant have?
Oh! whither wou'dſt Thou draw thy willing Slave?
I ſee, I ſee the golden Doors unfold,
The Royal Bed, with Raptures, I behold;
To Thee my Virgin Bluſhes I reſign,
And, ſpite of inbred Modeſty, I'm Thine.

Ecſtatic Pleaſure fills my gaſping Soul,
As Wines, profuſely pour'd, o'erflow the Bowl:
O ſtay, my flitting Senſes, and record
The Bliſs theſe momentary Joys afford;
Yes, to thy kind Endearments I'll be true,
And give thy wond'rous Love its Praiſes due.

Ye *Tirzan* Maids, whoſe Skins allure the Sight
With milky Fields of pure unblemiſh'd White,
My artleſs Beauties, tho' compar'd with You
They ſeem to fade and give a browner Hue,
Are Beauties ſtill, and only look leſs fair,
Sun-burnt and tarniſh'd with the Noontide Air.
I, of ſix Daughters was the lateſt born,
My Mother's Darling, but my Siſters' Scorn;
My opening Bloom with jealous Eyes they view'd,
And fell Revenge their envious Minds purſu'd;
Me lonely to the diſtant Hills they ſend,
Helpleſs my ſelf, the Vineyards to defend:
Where Southern Blaſts and Rays of ſcorching Heat
Did on my Face and tender Boſom beat.
Yet I, with Patience, in their Vineyards lay
Whole dewy Nights, and watch'd 'em all the Day:
Ah! Me; my own, but ill ſecur'd the while,
To bold rapacious Love became a Spoil.

Rudely He leapt the Mounds, the Fence deſtroy'd,
Nor ceas'd 'till with the budding Cluſters cloy'd.

Tell me, my lovely Spoiler, thy Retreat;
I now forgive; for oh! the Theft was ſweet.
If You, a Prince, will grace the ſhining Court,
Let Me, your Slave, among your Train reſort:
Or if, in Shepherd's Weeds, you'll humbly deign
To feed your Flock along th'extended Plain;
Tell me beneath what cooly ſpreading Shade
At Noontide Hours thy lovely Limbs are laid;
Tell me, my Charmer, leſt I chance to ſtray
Among the Shepherds' Tents, and loſe my Way.

H E.

O Faireſt of thy Sex! to hear thy Voice
The Shepherds and their Sheep alike rejoice;
Whoſe Bleatings from the Plain ſalute thine Ear,
And tell the Flocks and Cottages are near:
The little Path their cloven Feet have trod
Will bring Thee to thy longing Swain's Abode;
There may thy Kidlings browze the ſhrubby Green,
And We lie ſhelter'd in the leafy Scene.

How gracefully, my Love, thy Charms appear!
How unaffected all thy Motions are!

Like Art, thy very Negligences ſhine,
And Beauty moves in every Step of thine.
So tread the manag'd Steeds with comely Gait,
Harneſs'd to draw the gilded Coach of State,
Whoſe eaſy Shapes in juſt Proportion riſe,
And gratify the pleas'd Spectator's Eyes.
Tranſparent Pendants, with a Brillant Light,
Adorn thy Cheeks and point 'em to the Sight:
The Chains that circle round thy Neck with Gold,
In ſtronger Links the fatal Gazer's hold.
Haſte, haſte, ye Nymphs, with curious Fingers ply
The Loom, and interweave the various Dye;
Let Flow'rs of Silver round the Border ſhine
Mixt with a running Train of golden Twine;
With Theſe adorn my Fair, for vulgar Sight;
But me her native Charms alone delight.

SHE.

How my Perfumes, by cloſe Embraces preſt,
Fly out and hang upon my Charmer's Veſt!
And, while He banquets at the royal Board,
To all around a fragrant Scent afford.
But, when in amorous Folds our Boſoms meet,
My Love himſelf is like rich Odours Sweet;
Grateful as Myrrh he dwells upon my Breaſt,
And ſooths my panting Soul to downy Reſt.

Who

Who can thy manly Graces truly paint,
Or how deſcribe, where all Deſcription's faint!
Thy Charms the reſt of Humankind ſurpaſs,
As loftier Vines excell the lowly Graſs;
Or, as among the twiſting Vines is ſeen
The cluſter'd Camphire with ſuperior Green.
Oh! how tranſcendently my Love is fair!
Beyond all Fancy and above Compare.
How languiſhing his Eyes! like cooing Doves
Emitting at each Glance their mutual Loves.

Behold, my Life, our dear expecting Bed
With Coverlets of lively Verdure ſpread:
Columns of Cedar, of the choiceſt Grain,
In Rows the ſilken Canopy ſuſtain;
Of inlaid Firr the level Floor; above,
The vaulted Cieling glows with pictur'd Love.

CANTO II.

HE

A Bloom like thine attends the vernal Roſe,
Such White the Lilly of the Valley ſhows.
As Theſe among the Briars diſtinguiſh'd ſtand,
So You excell the Daughters of the Land.

Like Art, thy very Negligences ſhine,
And Beauty moves in every Step of thine.
So tread the manag'd Steeds with comely Gait,
Harneſs'd to draw the gilded Coach of State,
Whoſe eaſy Shapes in juſt Proportion riſe,
And gratify the pleas'd Spectator's Eyes.
Tranſparent Pendants, with a Brillant Light,
Adorn thy Cheeks and point 'em to the Sight:
The Chains that circle round thy Neck with Gold,
In ſtronger Links the fatal Gazer's hold.
Haſte, haſte, ye Nymphs, with curious Fingers ply
The Loom, and interweave the various Dye;
Let Flow'rs of Silver round the Border ſhine
Mixt with a running Train of golden Twine;
With Theſe adorn my Fair, for vulgar Sight;
But me her native Charms alone delight.

SHE.

How my Perfumes, by cloſe Embraces preſt,
Fly out and hang upon my Charmer's Veſt!
And, while He banquets at the royal Board,
To all around a fragrant Scent afford.
But, when in amorous Folds our Boſoms meet,
My Love himſelf is like rich Odours Sweet;
Grateful as Myrrh he dwells upon my Breaſt,
And ſooths my panting Soul to downy Reſt.

Who

Who can thy manly Graces truly paint,
Or how deſcribe, where all Deſcription's faint!
Thy Charms the reſt of Humankind ſurpaſs,
As loftier Vines excell the lowly Graſs;
Or, as among the twiſting Vines is ſeen
The cluſter'd Camphire with ſuperior Green.
Oh! how tranſcendently my Love is fair!
Beyond all Fancy and above Compare.
How languiſhing his Eyes! like cooing Doves
Emitting at each Glance their mutual Loves.

Behold, my Life, our dear expecting Bed
With Coverlets of lively Verdure ſpread:
Columns of Cedar, of the choiceſt Grain,
In Rows the ſilken Canopy ſuſtain;
Of inlaid Firr the level Floor; above,
The vaulted Cieling glows with pictur'd Love.

CANTO II.

HE

A Bloom like thine attends the vernal Roſe,
Such White the Lilly of the Valley ſhows.
As Theſe among the Briars diſtinguiſh'd ſtand,
So You excell the Daughters of the Land.

SHE.

And You, my Prince, ſo eminently fair
Above the brighteſt Sons of Men appear,
As the Pomegranate, with its golden Rind,
Exceeds the neighb'ring Trees of Silvan Kind.
Under his Shade with ſweet Delight I lay,
Protected kindly from the ſultry Day;
His Fruits, with eager Appetite, I eat,
Indulg'd my Taſte, and cool'd my fainting Heat.

Me and my Charmer, now, from noontide Bow'rs,
To ſpend in various Scenes our bliſsful Hours;
Love to the Banqueting Pavilion brings,
And o'er our Heads unfurls his trembling Wings.
His ſilken Banner hovers in the Air,
And Love diſplays Himſelf emblazon'd there.
With fev'riſh Heat He ſeizes ev'ry Part,
Burns in my Veins, and revels in my Heart.
O bring, of cool Sherbet, an ample Bowl,
Allay my Flame, and pour it on my Soul;
My ebbing Life with ſpritely Fruits repair,
And ſooth my raging Breaſt, for Love is there.

Yet oh! how ſoft, how pleaſant is the Bed!
When on his Arm I lean my loveſick Head:

On

On his left Arm my loveſick Head I place,
His right infolds me with a warm Embrace.
Soft, I adjure You, by the nimble Fawns,
And Hinds that bound acroſs the flow'ry Lawns,
Ye ſportive Damſels, that ye ſoftly move,
Nor with your Voices wake my ſleeping Love.

Hark! thro' the Dawn a heav'nly Muſick breaks,
It thrills my Soul, for my Beloved ſpeaks.
Up, like the bounding Hart, He ſprings, He flies,
And thro' the Latteſs darts his radiant Eyes:
To Me He calls, Ariſe! Ariſe! my Fair;
Calm is the Morning, and ſerene the Air;
The wintry Cold is gone, the genial Spring
Provokes the Flow'rs to blow, the Birds to ſing:
The wanton Turtle, in the neighb'ring Grove,
Sits cooing, and renews his Tale of Love:
Behold! the pregnant Fig begins to ſhoot,
The Vine in Cluſters yields it's purple Fruit;
All Nature ſmiling welcomes in the Day:
Ariſe, my lovely Fair, and come away.

H E.

From the cool Grottos of the Rock I hear
My Charmer's Voice, and bleſs my raviſh'd Ear.

Come forth, my Dove, compleat thy Swain's Delight,
And give thy beauteous Perſon to his Sight.

Haſte, haſte, ye nimble Hunters, ſpread the Net,
With many a Toil the Vineyards 'round beſet,
The wily Foxes take, and from the Vines
Avert the little Vermin's fell Deſigns:
Our Vineyards now their nobleſt Grapes produce,
The ripen'd Cluſters ſwell with Purple Juice.

SHE.

I am my Prince's, and my Prince is mine,
Link'd with a mutual Love our Hearts combine;
Among the Lillies He abides all Day,
Himſelf as Fair, Himſelf as Sweet as They.

The Dews deſcend, the dusky Clouds ariſe,
Night draws her ſable Curtain o'er the Skies:
Return, my wand'ring Paramour, return;
With Me repoſe, and wait the coming Morn.
Fly to my Arms, and, let thy nimble Speed,
The Mountain Roe or the wild Hart exceed.

CANTO III.

SHE.

THE buſy World is huſht in ſilent Night,
The Silver Moon diſplays her paler Light;
When ſleepleſs on my Bed I lie alone,
For ah! the Partner of my Soul is gone.
In vain I ſend my ſearching Hands around,
My lovely Wanderer is no where found.
Inward I grieve, and with confuſed Haſte
My Mantle o'er my Shoulders ſlightly caſt;
Then thro' the City run, with eager Pace,
And ſeek my Fugitive from Place to Place.
Thro' ev'ry ſpacious Way, thro' ev'ry Street,
Officiouſly I ply my buſy Feet.
The nightly Watch I meet, and thus enquire,
Saw You the Object of my Soul's Deſire?
They knew not of Him: Scarce from thence I paſt,
But ſtrait I found and held my Charmer faſt.
Around his Neck my longing Arms I flung,
Flew to his Lips, and on his Beauties hung:
Then to my Mother's Houſe my Captive led,
And fondly drew him to the genial Bed.

Ye Daughters of the Land paſs gently by,
Behold my Love, but with a ſilent Eye:

I charge You, by the Hinds, the Foreſt Roes,
Not to diſturb Him in his ſoft Repoſe.

See! from the ſecret Bow'r of Love He comes,
The ambient Air is fill'd with his Perfumes;
Where-e'er He goes, He breaths a ſpicy Breeze,
And wafts ambroſial Fragrance thro' the Trees.

Behold his Bed! the Guards around it ſtand,
Threeſcore, the ſtouteſt Sons of all the Land:
Their valiant Breaſts are ſtampt with many a Scar,
At Home rever'd, and terrible in War:
Each on his Thigh a mighty Sabre wears,
To free the Night from falſe alarming Fears.
Pillars, with ſilver Cornice wrought above,
Whoſe Baſe is Gold, ſuſtain the rich Alcove:
Sweet Woods of *Lebanon* the Frame compoſe,
The lofty Canopy with Purple glows:
The Middle, pav'd with downy Love, invites
The Virgin Nymphs to taſte it's ſoft Delights.

Approach, fond Maids, and ſee my lovely King
Crown'd with the Beauties of the gawdy Spring,
The Garland, his indulgent Mother wove,
Againſt the Bridal Day, the Feſtival of Love.

CANTO IV.

HE

YOUR envious Thoughts conceal, Ye rival Throng,
And while I ſing my Fair, attend my Song.

Her dovelike Eyes ten Thouſand Charms diſpenſe,
Breathing at once both Love and Innocence.
Behold! adown her Neck the wavy Locks
Friſk, like exulting Kids o'er *Gilead*'s Rocks.
Her Ivory Teeth in beauteous Order ſtand,
Like Sheep new-waſh'd and whiten'd on the Strand;
When, dropping from the Flood their ſnowy Skins,
Each with her Lambs appears, and each with Twins.
Her Lips like Threads of Scarlet brightly glow,
In ſweeteſt Sounds her moving Accents flow.
Her Cheeks amidſt ſoft circling Treſſes ſhine,
As when the tender Ringlets of the Vine
Around the bluſhing Fruit their greener Curls entwine.
Her marble Neck the ſparkling Gems adorn,
As blazing *Phoſphor* gilds the roſy Morn,
Shap'd like the lofty Tow'r in *Sion*'s Fields,
Studded and hung with Warriors mighty Shields.

Her Breaſts, where Love and all his Graces dwell,
Pregnant with Bloom and ripening Beauties ſwell;
Like young Twin-Roes that graze the verdant Meads,
With Buds juſt ſprouting from their velvet Heads.

Hence to the Hills of Myrrhe I'll haſte away,
Where ſpicy Breezes round my Head ſhall play;
There ſpend in gentle Dreams the gloomy Night,
'Till Morning Sun reſtores his golden Light.

From rocky *Lebanon* return, my Love,
To *Hermon*'s dewy Hill and *Shenir*'s Grove.
See from *Amana*'s green and ſhady Brow
The diſtant Proſpect of the Vales below.
Securely hence the ſpotted Leopard view,
Nor fear the rugged Lion's brindled Hue.

O Maid divinely fair! whoſe every Part,
Like pointed Lightning melts my raviſh'd Heart;
Fill'd with your Love I ſcorn the Charms of Wine,
Nor for the Vineyard's luſcious Juice repine.
Your Breath ſo ſweet, that whereſoe'er You go
The Gales of ſpicy *Saba* ſeem to blow.

A balmy Dew upon thy Lips diſtills,
And every Kiſs with liquid Hony fills:

With

With Smells of *Lebanon* thy Veſture crown'd
Scatters reviving Odours all around:
The various Sweets which feed the Thymy Bee,
My Dear, my lovely Princeſs, are in Thee.

The Garden thus, ſome Spot of Pleaſure, lies,
Enclos'd for Privacy from vulgar Eyes;
In Thee, each Flow'r uprears it's colour'd Head,
Soft vernal Airs the bloomy Buds diſpread;
Joys ever ſmiling in thy Glances play,
As trembling Streams reflect the gilded Day.
Spikenard and Cinnamon, that loves the Vale,
Rich Thural Fruits, in Thee, their Sweets exhale;
Saffron, with *Caſſia*'s orient precious Oil,
Supplied by bleſt *Arabia*'s fruitful Soil,
Whoſe ſpicy Rind, with ſmelling Gum diſtent,
Breathes thro' the Air a kind Balſamic Scent:
While odorous Dews in humid Vapours riſe,
And fragrant Clouds perfume the azure Skies.

S H E.

Awake, O *Zephyr*, or Thou, Southern Breeze,
In gentle Murmurs fan the branchy Trees;
With ſoothing Breath upon my Garden blow,
That grateful Smells from every Plant may flow.

Let

Let my Beloved, in the cooly Shade,
On Beds of Flowers repoſe his loveſick Head;
Or with delicious Fruitage pleaſe his Taſte,
Be fill'd with Joy, and bleſs the kind Repaſt.

CANTO V.

HE.

DElights ſo ſweet the Springs and Grottos give,
That in thy Garden I would ever live.
Where-e'er I turn, enchanting Scenes ariſe,
To glad my Soul, and entertain my Eyes.
I came, my Fair, I came a willing Gueſt,
On thy delicious pleaſant Fruits to feaſt:
Of Gums and Myrrh I rob'd each ſpicy Tree,
I ſipt the balmy Labours of the Bee:
For Me the Vine with Purple Cluſters glow'd,
With Milk the Nut, the Peach with Nectar flow'd:
O here, my Fair, for ever let us ſtay,
And ſpend in Love and Wine the live-long Day.

SHE.

I ſleep, but ſtill my liſtning Fancy wakes,
A Voice informs Me my Beloved ſpeaks;
" To thy dear Arms, He cries, my lovely Fair,
" Receive me from the dark inclement Air:

" The

" The Vapours fall, the driſly Dews diſtill,
" The Drops of Night my Locks with Moiſture fill;
" Ariſe, my Fair, unfold the bolted Doors,
" Ariſe, 'tis I, thy Wanderer implores.
Alas! the darkning Shades my Sandals hide,
My Mantle's negligently thrown aſide;
Can I now find it? or defile again
My Feet juſt waſht, and from the Bathing clean?
Yet will I come all barefoot and undreſt,
And claſp Thee dropping to my warmer Breaſt.

Upon the Lock my Prince's Fingers move,
The Sound diſſolves my pitying Soul to Love:
I roſe, I flew with Speed to let Him in,
But too much Haſte obſtructed my Deſign;
O'er every Bolt my wandering Fingers ſtray
Perfum'd, and leave ſweet Odours by the Way.
But when I open'd, ah! my Love was gone,
Tir'd out with my Delay He had withdrawn.
Sore on my Mind the Diſappointment hung,
My Soul Regret and ſharp Vexation ſtung.
Again my mournful Voice I ſent around,
But only Eccho babled to the Sound.
Then madly thro' the ſilent Streets I ran,
Hoping to find the dear excluded Man:

Alone

Alone I hurried on my giddy Flight,
Nor fear'd the lurking Dangers of the Night.
The Watch, to whom I tenderly complain'd,
With foul Reproach my ſpotleſs Honour ſtain'd:
My looſe Attire the Sentinels deſcry'd,
And rudely wou'd have drawn my Veil aſide.
Pity my Caſe, Ye Virgins of the Plain,
Whene'er Ye take, reſtore my wand'ring Swain:
For Him I languiſh, and my loveſick Mind
Without his Preſence no Relief can find.

CHORUS of VIRGINS.

How bleſt, how more than bleſt the happy Swain!
For whom ſo fine a Creature can complain.
Deſcribe, Thou Fair, this Partner of thy Breaſt,
Show us how He ſo far excells the Reſt;
O ſay what Charms, with ſuch ſuperior Grace,
Finiſh his Perſon and adorn his Face.

SHE.

His Face with far tranſcendent Beauty glows,
As the rich Standard in the Squadron ſhows;
His Charms ſuch bright diſtinguiſht Luſtre wear,
Among ten Thouſand He'd the Chief appear.
A youthful Red with intermingled White
Sets off his Features in a pleaſing Light;

Shin-

Shining his Hair, and of a Raven Black,
In waving Ringlets falls adown his Back:
Arm'd with a tender Languiſhment his Eyes
Pleaſe while they wound, and kill without Surprize:
So ſoft, and ſo alluring, Turtles look,
That bill and coo beſide the purling Brook.
His blooming Cheeks reſemble vernal Flow'rs,
Warm'd with the Sun and plumpt with *April* Show'rs.
His melting Lips like new-blown Roſebuds meet,
Bedew'd and dropping with a balmy Sweet.
But oh! his fragrant Kiſſes who can tell!
So much beyond Deſcription they excell.
Where can his matchleſs Hand a Rival find?
So turn'd the Fingers, and ſo fitly joyn'd!
Rings for Embelliſhment by ſome are worn;
His finer Hands the very Gems adorn.
His Skin, like poliſht Ivory, ſmooth and fair,
His Veins like Rows of inlaid Saphires are.
His ſhapely Legs like marble Pillars hold
The Fabric riſing from a Baſe of Gold.
His Form a Proſpect ſo inviting wears,
As crown'd with Cedars *Lebanon* appears,
When with the ſloping Sun 'tis gilded bright,
And bleſſes with it's Smiles the diſtant Sight.

Such is my Love, Ye Virgins, ſuch the Swain
That gives me Pleaſure with alternate Pain. CAN-

CANTO VI.

CHORUS.

BRIGHT Maid, ah! whither is thy Charmer gone,
And left Thee here defenceleſs and alone?
Tell Us, that we may range the Streets, the Grove,
Or Garden, 'till We find the Man You love.

SHE.

Sure to the Garden He has bent his Flight.
For there's his Pleaſure and his Soul's Delight;
Nor wonder that all Night He revels there,
A Wilderneſs of Spice perfumes the Air;
Citrons above and fragrant Flowers beneath
In every Walk their grateful Odours breathe:
Fruits with delicious Pulp his Thirſt appeaſe,
And riſing Lillies form his Couch of Eaſe.
Happy, if while He views the pleaſing Scene,
Some tender Thoughts of Me break in between.

HE.

What other Object can Admittance find,
While You, dear bright Idea, fill my Mind.
Shou'd *Tirza* with her gilded Turrets riſe,
The Landskip paint, and mingle with the Skies;

Place

Place but my Fair, my beauteous Princeſs near,
Her Charms the finer Proſpect wou'd appear.
Shou'd Armies march along in meet Array,
Their Spears advance, their Enſigns wide diſplay;
Her Eyes wou'd more exalted Glories dart,
With more Surprize wou'd thrill the Gazer's Heart.
Nouriſht by their propitious Beams I live,
Yet ſcarce can bear the Splendor that they give:
So ſhines the Morning Sun with kindly Light,
But who can view his Blaze without an aching Sight?

Unnumber'd Females, of a Form divine,
The ſoft Seraglio's private Walls confine;
Where blooming Virgins ripen to Deſire,
And bright Sultanas glow with practis'd Fire:
Oft, as I ſigh amidſt the beauteous Throng,
For All by turns, but not for Any long,
From Charm to Charm with eager Guſt I rove,
Reſolv'd to taſte Variety of Love;
But, ſoon as I behold my heavenly Fair,
My wand'ring Fancy ſtops and ſettles there:
The Beauties of the Sex I find in One,
For She's a Magazine of Charms alone.
The ſlighted Nymphs yet bleſs Her with their Voice,
And Envy's ſelf approves the happy Choice.

But who is This, that with Her glorious Eyes,
Looks like the Morn, and emulates the Skies?
Fair as the Moon, reflecting Silver Light,
Strong as the golden Sun, and beamy bright.
So glittering Spears that gild the dreadful War
With fatal Gleams shine trembling from afar.
Down in the Grove of Spices as I stood,
To view the rising Flow'rs and pregnant Bud;
The Trees in Verdure Green, with bloomy Shade
And mingled Light, a lively Landskip made:
Yet when Her distant Eyes like Stars appear,
My ready Senses start and center there:
Wing'd with Desire, my Soul outflies the Wind,
And the bright Scene neglected leaves behind.

CANTO VII.

HER.

HER slender Feet, most lovely to behold,
Are cas'd in Purple Buskins wrought with Gold;
Her well-turn'd Legs and full-proportion'd Thighs
Charm by Degrees and with new Beauty rise;
The Joints with Dimples smiling; and above,
The Spring of Bliss, the bubling Fount of Love,

Plump

Plump is her Belly, but how ſmoothly plain!
Like Fields of Wheat impregnated with Rain;
White as the Silver Lilly's ſnowy Bloom,
Swelling with Dew, and fragrant with Perfume.
Her even Breaſts like the Roe's Younglings play,
And panting bound luxuriant as They:
Like Velvet Buds the crimſon Nipples riſe,
Firm to the Touch and grateful to the Eyes.
Fair as an Ivory Column's tow'ring Height,
Her lofty Neck advances to the Sight.
Her Eyes reflect the Fountain's limpid Hue,
Clear as the Sky and of a heavenly Blue.
Like Beams of milder Light, divinely Fair,
Bound back and braided ſhines her ſilken Hair.
The King, in paſſing, her bright Form admires,
And feels within his Breaſt ſoft kindling Fires;
Held in the Galleries a Slave to Love,
Intent He gazes, and forgets to move.

How Fair art Thou, my Queen, thy Charms how bright
For Pleaſure form'd, and finiſh'd for Delight:
Tall as the Palm thy Mien, thy juicy Breaſt,
Like cluſtring Grapes, inviting to be preſt.
Let Me the ſtrait the ſtately Bole aſcend,
Graſp'd in my Arms the blooming Boughs ſhall bend;

The

The cluſt'ring Vine in my Embrace ſhall bleed,
And on thy fragrant balmy Breath I'll feed.
Thy Lips, whoſe Taſte exceeds the richeſt Wine,
Shall feaſt my Palate and my Bliſs refine:
This with new Pleaſure will our Joys prolong,
Make Dullneſs brisk, and wearied Nature young.

SHE.

Thy Tranſports, Love, with what Delight I hear!
Such Fondneſs raviſhes my liſtning Ear.
With Thee I'll range the diſtant lonely Fields,
Where the freſh Spring eternal Pleaſure yields;
Where the low Village free from noiſy Strife,
Unheeded drinks the real Sweets of Life.
There let us lodge, and with the Morning Sun
Our Courſe of pleaſing Toil together run;
Obſerve the Vine it's tender Bud diſcloſe,
How with young Bloom the new Pomegranate glows:
How ripening Fruits in Embryo appear,
The grateful Proſpect of a plenteous Year.
There, on ſome Bank reclin'd, whilſt over Head
Embow'ring Jaſmines their ſweet Odours ſhed,
Claſping and claſpt with evertwining Arms,
Unenvied I'll enjoy thy manly Charms,
Give up my hidden Beauties to thy Sight,
And die in Ecſtaſies of full Delight.

CAN-

CANTO VIII.

SHE.

OH! that thou wert, as once my Brother was,
Free and familiar to my fond Embrace;
When ſmiling Both, Both innocent and young,
One Breaſt We ſuckt, and on one Boſom hung.
Then, without Shame, I'd publicly employ
Each paſſing Minute to improve my Joy.
Graſp thy dear Hand, and with a Siſter's Kiſs
Uncenſur'd ſteal a momentary Bliſs:
And when, impatient of the raging Fire,
A mutual Senſe ſhou'd prompt Us to retire,
Fearleſs I'd lead Thee to my Mother's Bed,
And on thy Boſom lay my raptur'd Head:
By Her inſtructed in the Arts of Love,
My Paſſion might with apteſt Graces move;
While rich Collations, crown'd with cordial Wine,
To feed our Flame, like Fuel, ſhou'd combine.

Begone, ye Female Slaves, my Voice obey;
Fly, and attend with Silence far away:
Perhaps my Love, to Solitude inclin'd,
In gentle Slumbers will indulge his Mind.

C *HE.*

H E.

Lean on my Arm, on Me thy Head recline,
The Care to guard my Charmer's Steps be mine:
Thy Poſture now revives the pleaſing Thought
How Thou wert firſt to my Embraces brought.
Beneath a lofty Cedar's gloomy Shade
On the green Turf my languid Limbs were laid,
Thy Mother came, and lo! She led along
Her dear *SAPHIRA*, beautiful and young;
When ſtrait She gave Thee to my longing Side,
And I with Ardour ſeis'd the bluſhing Bride.
The Reſt is paſt Deſcription; now no more
Love was outragious, for his Fit was o'er:
I rais'd Thee fainting from the fragrant Green,
The conſcious Print among the Flow'rs was ſeen;
My Arm, as now, ſuſtain'd thy lovely Frame,
Sweet was the Pleaſure then, and now the ſame.

S H E.

Light of my Liſe, oh! take me to thy Heart,
Nor ever with thy fond *SAPHIRA* part:
Oh! ſeal me, ſtamp me on thy tender Mind,
And leave the ſtrong Impreſſion deep behind.
For Love, like Death, his Sceptre ſternly ſways,
When-e'er the Tyrant calls, the Slave obeys.

His Paſſion, turn'd to Jealouſy, will rave
Fierce as a Whirlwind, cruel as the Grave,
For ever burnt and burning with Deſire,
As Coals that glow with unconſuming Fire.
Let guſhing Brooks and ſwelling Torrents roll
Their cooling Waters o'er the Love-ſick Soul,
Yet will ſurvive the bright unſullied Flame,
It's Vigour lively, and it's Heat the ſame.
Ranſack the ſolid Globe for Wealth, and ſweep
The ſecret Vallies of th' unfathom'd Deep,
Give all to Love and bribe Him to be kind,
Yet ſtill you'll feel his Fetters on your Mind:
Whate'er you ſtake, his Value's ſtill above,
And nothing ballances but Love for Love.

H E.

Then, be it publiſht thro' the ſpacious Eaſt,
How much, how dearly *SOLOMON* is bleſt.
Shew, how his Palaces and Temples riſe,
With glittering Roofs aſpiring to the Skies;
Paint his fair Gardens, and diſcloſe the Groves,
The private Scenes of his repeated Loves;
The purling Falls of Water to invite
Soft Slumbers, and divert with freſh Delight:
Deſcribe his Ivory Throne, his pompous State,
With all the gawdy Names that ſound Him Great:

But tell the World that theſe are trifling Things
Compar'd to Her from whom his Pleaſure ſprings,
For Grandeur and for glorious Fame deſign'd
To awe the Vulgar and amuſe Mankind,
Mere Bubbles made for Wonder and for Show;
His real Joys from dear *SAPHIRA* flow.

And, leſt the dazling Mines from *Ophir* brought
To after Ages ſhou'd ſuggeſt a Thought,
That He, who cou'd command ſo rich a Prize,
Might well be bleſt, might well be counted Wiſe,
Let future Times in laſting Verſe be told,
His Fair One made him Happy, not his Gold.

SHE.

Sweet are the Accents of thy heavenly Voice!
The Groves are pleas'd, the liſtning Swains rejoice;
The little Birds ſuſpend their flutt'ring Wing,
Hover in Silence, and forget to ſing.
Once more with that enchanting Muſic chear
My longing Soul, my fond expecting Ear.
O come, with all thy dear delightful Charms,
Ruſh on my Breaſt and dart into my Arms:
Oh, haſte, my Life, and with thy nimbler Speed
The Mountain Roe or the wild Hart exceed.

FINIS. OCCA-

OCCASIONAL

POEMS

By the ſame AUTHOR.

POEMS

By the same AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE kind Reception with which my late Pupil's Performance has been entertain'd by People of a diſtinguiſh'd Taſte and Condition, has gone ſo far as to Honour it with a ſecond Impreſſion; which (as I hinted before) is taken from another Copy ſomewhat more correct. And the Printer having thought proper to ſet forth this Edition in a Size more convenient for the Hand or Pocket, importun'd me for ſome other Pieces of the Author to fill up the ſupernumerary Pages of his laſt Sheet. Therefore, in Compliance with his Requeſt, I have ſent the following Poems, as what I judg'd ſufficient for the Supplement he deſires: And their being turn'd ſo much upon the Subject of Love, makes them the leſs unfit to be added upon this Occaſion. I believe the Remains which I have of his, are enough to fill a pretty large Volume; which may all in their ſeveral Turns ſee the Light. Theſe which are now com-

municated to the Town were ſome of them written during the Time of an Excurſion, which the young Gentleman made to London, *laſt Winter was Twelve-month. Wherever he went, Love was ſtill uppermoſt in his Mind; ſo that he ſeems to have liv'd, as well as died, for that darling Paſſion. I cou'd wiſh it had excluded from his Imagination Thoughts of a leſs innocent Nature, which he ſeems to have borrow'd from the free-thinking Frequenters of* Button's; *ſince I can't help ſuſpecting that thoſe, who are ſo apt to expatiate upon the pious Frauds of the ancient Heathens, would (if they durſt) be little leſs forward in their Conſtructions of the Rites and Ceremonies of modern Chriſtianity.*

Oxon. Feb. 15, 1720.

THE MIDSUMMER WISH.

——Quis me gelidis in vallibus Hæmi
Siſtat, & ingenti ramorum protegat umbrâ! Virg.

Written when the Author was at Eton *School.*

WAFT me, ſome ſoft and cooling Breeze,
To *Windſor*'s ſhady kind Retreat,
Where Silvan Scenes, wideſpreading Trees,
Repel the Dogſtar's raging Heat.

Where tufted Graſs and moſſy Beds
Afford a rural calm Repoſe;
Where Woodbinds hang their dewy Heads,
And fragrant Sweets around diſcloſe.

Old Oozy *Thames* that flows faſt by
Along the ſmiling Valley plays;
His glaſſy Surface chears the Eye,
And thro' the flowry Meadow ſtrays.

His fertile Banks with Herbage green,
His Vales with golden Plenty ſwell,
Where-e'er his purer Streams are ſeen
The Gods of Health and Pleaſure dwell.

Let me thy clear thy yielding Wave
With naked Arm once more divide,
In Thee my glowing Boſom lave,
And cut the gently-rolling Tide.

Lay me, with Damaſc Roſes crown'd,
Beneath ſome Oſier's dusky Shade,
Where Water-Lillies deck the Ground,
Where bubling Springs refreſh the Glade.

Let dear *Lucinda* too be there,
With azure Mantle ſlightly dreſt.
Ye Nymphs, bind up her flowing Hair,
Ye *Zephyrs*, fan her panting Breaſt.

O haſte away, fair Maid, and bring
The Muſe, the kindly Friend to Love;
To Thee alone the Muſe ſhall ſing,
And warble thro' the vocal Grove

SYLVIA.

WERE I invited to a Nectar Feast
In *Heaven*, and *Venus* nam'd me for her Guest;
Tho' *Mercury* the Messenger should prove,
Or her own Son, the mighty God of Love;
At the same Instant let but honest *Tom*
From *Sylvia*'s dear terrestrial Lodging come,
With Look important say——*desires*——*at Three*
Alone——*your Company*——*to drink some Tea.*
Tho' *Tom* were mortal, *Mercury* divine;
Tho' *Sylvia* gave me Water, *Venus* Wine;
Tho' *Heaven* was here, and *Bowstreet* lay as far
As the vast Distance of the utmost Star;
To *Sylvia*'s Arms with all my Strength I'd fly;
Let who would meet the Beauty of the Sky.

To SYLVIA.

STILL let us love, my *Sylvia*, and be wiſe;
Look grave ſometimes, but in our Hearts deſpiſe
The Things which formal Hypocrites adviſe.
The Sun, whoſe flagging Beams decline at Night,
Riſes each Morn with freſh recruited Light:
But We, when once we've ſpent our ſcanty Day,
Muſt bid good Night to Pleaſure, Love and Play,
And ſleep a whole Eternity away.
Then, while You live, be conſtant to employ
Each ebbing Moment in the Affairs of Joy;
When Privacy permits, and Youth requires,
Exert your Strength, and light up all your Fires;
Wreſtling detain the Angel of Delight,
And force a Bleſſing e'er he takes his Flight.
Ten Thouſand Kiſſes let your Lips prepare,
The balmy Prelude to the Lover's War,
Thick as the whirling Sands on *Libya*'s Coaſt,
Suck'd in Confuſion, and in Rapture loſt.

O *Venus*, grant thy Suppliant ſuch a Death;
O'erwhelm'd in Storms like This to loſe his Breath.

Or when the fated Point of Time draws nigh,
Stretch'd on thy sacred Altar let me lye,
Sylvia the Priestess, and the Victim I.
As under *Ida*'s Shades, Almighty *Jove*,
Bath'd in the Sweets of soft ambrosial Love,
Exhausted lay on *Juno*'s panting Breast,
Godlike dissolving to immortal Rest.

To SYLVIA.

SYLVIA, for ever lovely, dearest Maid,
With You compar'd, the Lilly and the Rose
O'erwhelm'd in Grief recline their dewy Head,
Nor This so pure, nor That so blooming shows;
In every Clime your opening Beauties bring
Flora's whole Wardrobe, a perpetual Spring.

Unlock the Tresses of your burnisht Hair,
Loose let the Ringlets o'er your Shoulders spread;
Thus mix'd We view them more distinctly fair,
Like Trails of golden Wire on Ivory laid.
So *Phœbus* o'er the yielding *Æther* streams,
And streaks the silver Clouds with brighter Beams.

So finely turn'd your polisht Eyebrows rise,
As model'd by young *Cupid's* heavenly Bow;
And sure his fatal Shafts are in your Eyes,
Which at the gazing World in sport You throw.
O Nymph, to ease your Lover's throbbing Smart,
Yield, and prepare for a revenging Dart.

Your honied Lips, like fair Vermilion bright,
Moiſt as *Dione's* with a balmy Sweet,
Pouting for Kiſſes, ſwell to give Delight,
And part commodiouſly with mine to meet.
O come, like Doves, my *Sylvia*, let us bill,
Foin, thruſt, and parry with ingenious Skill.

But ſtop! for ſo exceſſive is the Bliſs,
It ſhoots like Poiſon thro' my vital Blood,
With pleaſing Pain You ſtab at every Kiſs,
O Gods! and torture while You're kindly Good.
Too lovely Maid! regard my cruel Caſe,
And heal Me with a full compleat Embrace.

What roſy Odours your ſoft Boſom yields!
Heaving and falling gently as You breathe:
Like Hills that riſe amidſt fair fertile Fields,
With round ſmooth Tops and flowery Vales beneath.
So ſwell the candid *Alps* with fleecy Snow,
While Myrtles bud, and Violets bloom below.

Your Speech like Muſic flows in charming Strains,
Your fragrant Kiſſes with Delight I taſte,
Your Touch like Lightning trembles thro' my Veins
And 'wakes my Fancy to a freſh Repaſt.

Rap-

Raptures on Raptures, an eternal Round,
And Joys on Joys ſucceſſively abound.

If the fam'd Pow'rs ſuch full Fruition ſhare
In Tranſports which their Appetites refine,
If Love and Pleaſure are the Buſineſs there,
What Bliſs have They more exquiſite than mine?
Sylvia, like Heaven, does every Senſe improve,
And melts down every Paſſion into Love.

HEA-

HEATHEN PRIESTCRAFT.

FROM THE

Firſt Book of Ovid's Faſtorum.

I Grant that ever ſince the World began
The Gods claim'd Worſhip from their Creature Man;
But then, in Offerings frugal as in Food,
Their Altars ſtood unſtain'd with Victims Blood;
They offer'd beſt who practis'd to be Good.
As yet no foreign Ship with Spices fraught
Had Myrrh and Frankincenſe from *India* brought.
Far off conceal'd along *Euphrates* Shore
Thoſe balmy Shrubs their fragrant Bloſſoms bore.
Unvalu'd the rich Cordial *Crocus* grew,
Or only valued for it's purple Hue.
The Prieſt their Virtues firſt perceiv'd, and then
The Gods requir'd 'em at the Hands of Men.
Before, green Potherbs of good ſavory Smell,
The Product of each Garden, ſerv'd as well;
Or branching Laurel, crackling as it blaz'd,
In blueiſh Fumes the angry Gods appeas'd.

Freſh

Freſh Garlands, woven from the flowery Bank,
Were deem'd Oblations of ſufficient Rank:
Violets, if twiſted in among the reſt,
Brib'd high, and ev'n pronounc'd the Suppliant bleſt.

Sharp Tools to kill and carve the ſlaughter'd Beaſt,
Were ſince invented by ſome Butcher Prieſt;
Who wiſely finding that the Fleſh was good,
Feign'd that the Gods muſt be appeas'd with Blood.
Ceres in Wrath demands the routing Swine,
Bacchus the Goat, for nibbling of his Vine,
The Sheep and Ox, accus'd of no Offence:
Would ſeem to dye without the leaſt Pretence:
But our diſcreet Divines declare that theſe
Do, beſt of all, the Pow'rs immortal pleaſe,
That the Gods leave their Heaven for ſuch a Treat;
True; For broil'd Cutlets are delicious Meat.

But yet ſometimes, to ſhift the artful Scene,
Some Gods are honour'd with a Beaſt unclean:
If all which they requir'd were good to eat,
'Twou'd make Mankind ſuſpect it all a Cheat;
Some Rites indifferent muſt be duly mixt,
To Shuffle with the reſt, and come betwixt:
Thus argues the deſigning crafty Prieſt,
And thus conceals and carries on the Jeſt.

There-

Therefore a Dog at *Trivia*'s Altar dies;
Or a dead Horse may be a Sacrifice;
Such as the *Persians* offer to the Sun,
Because He's active and well-made to run.
For, whether all the jugling Pranks they do
Are advantageous to themselves, or no,
The Priesthood still give Reasons for each Trick,
And make 'em all significant alike.
Gallant *Priapus*, Gardian of our Fruit,
An Ass requires, that aukward heavy Brute.
But hear the Cause his reverend Clergy give;
'Tis no unpleasant Legend, as I live.

When ancient *Greece* triennial Honours paid
To *Bacchus* with the Ivy-circled Head,
Each rural Deity was made a Guest,
And chear'd with mirthful Pleasantries the Feast.
Pan and his Crew of lustful Satyrs came,
Whose youthful Blood burnt with Venereal Flame:
For the bright Nymphs, from every Stream and Grove
Assembled there, inspir'd their Hearts with Love.
There old *Silenus* came, in usual State,
Astride his Ass, ridiculously great.
There the rough * Patron of the Gardens too
With well-hung Ensign marcht expos'd to View;

* *Priapus.*

And came where all the Company was laid
On moſſy Beds beneath a ſpreading Shade.
Their Wine by *Bacchus* was ſupplied alone,
But each was crown'd with Garlands of his own.
A limpid Brook roll'd thro' the matted Graſs,
At once to cool and qualify the Glaſs.
The woody Nymphs, Part with looſe flowing Hair,
Their ſnowy Necks, and heaving Breaſts all bare,
Part dreſt, and with embroided Treſſes crown'd,
Their ſhapely Legs in Silver Buskins bound,
With Lilly Hands, the fragrant Dinner dreſt,
And added to the Flavour of the Feaſt.
The gentle Breeze that wav'd their thin Attire,
Fan'd in the rural Gods an amorous Fire.
There *Pan*, his Brow begirt with mountain Pines,
Ogling, in Sighs his captive Heart reſigns.
Silenus too with untam'd Luſt was ſtung,
Whoſe everlaſting Lewdneſs keeps him Young.
But ſtiff *Priapus*, Warden of the Groves,
With *Lotis* ſmitten, only *Lotis* loves:
On her his Wiſhes and his Eyes are fixt,
And all his Talk with double Meanings mixt.
But Beauty's often temper'd with Diſdain,
The Fair with Scorn regards her Lover's Pain:
She aws the Letcher with a diſtant Pride,
And haughty Smiles his public Flame deride.

Now

Now Night advanc'd, and Wine and Revels done,
Eaſy Repoſe with gentle Sleep came on.
The burning God obſerv'd where, tir'd with Play,
Lotis beneath a ſhady Maple lay;
Stretcht out ſupine upon a graſſy Bed,
Upon a flowry Turf reclin'd her Head.
He roſe, and, ſilent as the Steps of Death,
On Tiptoe ſoftly ſtealing, held his Breath:
Till he had crept into the bliſsful Bow'r
That gave his utmoſt Wiſhes to his Pow'r.
And now, afraid leſt every moving Air,
Ev'n her own Breath might wake the ſlumb'ring Fair,
The neighb'ring Turf with tender Care he preſt;
Still lay the Nymph o'erwhelm'd in downy Reſt:
O'erjoy'd the God her Veſture upward drew,
And to the Goal with furious Vigour flew;
When the grave Pad of old *Silenus* bray'd
And moſt unluckily his Plot betray'd.
The Nymph was wak'd, and ſtrove with all her Might
To ſtop the eager Dotard's fond Delight,
And, rolling ſidelong from his hot Embrace,
Scream'd out and fill'd with loud Alarms the Place.
The Silver Moon, juſt breaking from a Cloud,
Show'd where the God in ſtrange Confuſion ſtood,
Too well provided for the Feats of Love,
And quite expos'd to all the laughing Grove.

For this the Aſs was victim'd, and from hence
All Aſſes ſuffer for that One's Offence.

The feather'd Warblers, whoſe melodious Lay
Gladdens the Shade from every leafy Spray,
With Love and Innocence ſecurely bleſt,
Might hope to 'ſcape the bloody-minded Prieſt.
But theſe they ſay the Gods command to kill,
As Creatures that reveal the heavenly Will;
When in ſwift Flight they ſtretch their painted Wing,
Or when they raiſe their trilling Voice and ſing.
Thus from her Mate the ſpotleſs Turtle torn
Is often to the flaming Altar born.
Thus Geeſe for *Io*'s ſplendid Feaſt are carv'd,
Tho' once a Gooſe the Capitol preſerv'd.
Nor ought avails the Cock his coral Creſt,
His ſhining Plumes, and gloſſy varying Breaſt,
Since his ſhrill Note, which Wakes the Morning Light,
Offends the gloomy Goddeſs of the Night.

Thus ſays the Prieſt, providing at his Wiſh
A roaſted Gooſe, that very ſpecial Diſh.
And, to reward his ſacerdotal Toil,
For him the Cock, for him the Pidgeons broil,

THE,

THE NAKED TRUTH.

From the second Book of OVID's Fastorum.

OF the gay *Silvan* God that widely roves
O'er fair *Arcadia*'s Plains, and shady Groves,
That haunts each gurgling Spring, and flow'ry Dale,
Where opening *Tempè* spreads it's happy Vale,
Where green *Cyllenè* rears her lofty Head
And streaming *Ladon* cuts the grassy Mead,
Of *Faunus* is my Song. Assist my Verse,
O woody Saint, while I thy Rites rehearse.

Rome, for strict Piety of old renown'd,
With Flowrets sweet thy verdant Altars crown'd,
With Thee her wide *Pantheon* pleas'd to grace;
Tho' now inferiour Saintlings fill the Place.
At thine, the giddy People in a Crowd,
As now at their Processions, star'd and bow'd.
On *Faunus*' Feast they sanctified the Day
With Rubric, Temple, Carnival and Play.

But

But sure their Cult indecently they paid,
And Nature's Privacies too much display'd;
Uncloath'd thy Priests their mystic Measures trod,
And naked honour'd Thee their naked God.
Forgive the Muse, if ludicrously bold
The wanton Maid thy Secrets dares unfold;
If She, jocose, the fabled Cause relates,
To see his Clergy cloath'd why *Faunus* hates.

'Twas Summer; *Phœbus*, with declining Ray,
Began to slope the tedious sultry Day;
When *Faunus*, circled with his horned Throng,
On the soft Turf securely lay along.
Here from the Chace fatigued, and faint with Heat,
Under the Shade he sought a cool Retreat.
No sunny Beams here pierc'd the leafy Trees,
Which nor excluded quite the fanning Breeze;
The fanning Breeze among the Branches blew,
And open'd, to the North, a distant view.
From hence the goatish Deity descry'd
Alcides walking with his *Lydian* Bride,
When starting, with an amorous Look he gaz'd,
And while he lookt, her blooming Beauty prais'd.
O happy *Hercules!* he sighing said,
Who uncontroul'd enjoy so bright a Maid;

Stop, and with one dear Sight a Rival bless,
Let me admire the Nymph whom You possess:
And You, brown Mountain Goddesses, whose Charms
Fade in the Light which now my Bosom warms,
No more with ill-plac'd Love I'll kneel to You;
Adieu, brown Mountain Goddesses, adieu.

Thus, as she walkt, her Air and gay Attire
Fed the quick Flames of his prevailing Fire.
Her snowy Neck embrown'd with flowing Hair,
Like Light in Shades appear'd more brightly fair.
Embroider'd Gold her Purple Mantua grac'd,
A golden Girdle bound her slender Waste.
A gilt Umbrella *Hercules* upheld,
Which from the Fair the scorching Beams repell'd.
Now Time, insensibly beguil'd with Talk,
Brings Evening on, and finishes their Walk:
Hesper's bright Lamp flames in the ruddy West,
And shews the busy World 'tis Time to rest.
Down the descending Mount they take their Way,
And winding Vineyards o'er the Vale survey:
And now are at their cooly Grot arriv'd,
By Nature imitating Art contriv'd.
The Roof with unhewn Pumice vaulted hung,
Round the rough Entrance clasping Ivy clung.

Near which a purling Spring that down distill'd
A Cistern, hollow'd with it's dropping, fill'd.

Here, while the Servants, with officious Haste,
Prepar'd for Supper, and the Side-board plac'd,
The sprightly Nymph a frolic Fancy try'd,
And dreſt her rough *Alcides* like a Bride.
A Crimson Pall, varied with Purple Hue,
Of finest Silk she o'er his Shoulders threw;
Then with her scanty Girdle wou'd have brac'd
The ample Circuit of his brawny Waste;
And giggled much his Limbs so large to find,
As in her widen'd Plaits were scarce confin'd.
Her self put on the Lion's shaggy Hide,
The weighty Quiver rattled at her Side;
Then graspt the Club the mighty Hero bore,
Which never felt so soft a Touch before.
Thus, for a Whim prepostrously clad,
They supt and went to Bed in Masquerade:
But lay that Night apart, that they might rise
Chastly to pay their Morning Sacrifice:
A Tribute due to *Bacchus* the Divine,
The Author of all Good, Love, Mirth, and Wine.

Now all was husht, for now 'twas Midnight Hour,
When *Fasmus* ventur'd to the rosy Bow'r.

Love, whose insinuating tickling Dart
To Action can excite ev'n Woman's Heart,
Drove the hot Lover from his shady Home
On dangerous Attempts abroad to roam,
Thro' all the gloomy Horrors of the Night,
Scorning unmanly Fear and pale Affright.
And now, the Entry to the Grotto found,
He spread his bawdy Hands, and gropt around.
Here first, embalm'd in Wine, the Servants lay,
Careless, and snor'd the live-long Night away.
The blundring God, his Hopes from hence advanc'd,
To find their quaffing Lord as deep entranc'd,
Arm'd with a greater Boldness ventur'd in,
And thought to act secure the luscious Sin.
First, by good Hap, the blissful Bed He found,
Which with Success his Wishes might have crown'd.
But when will sublunary Creatures dare
To trust their Wants with Providence's Care?
Each on his own Discretion still relies,
And most mistakes when most he thinks he's wise.
Thus far the God; who, had he not believ'd
His own Surmises, ne'er had been deceiv'd.
For when He touch'd the tawny Lion's Hair,
The rugged covering of the comely Fair,
Struck with a sudden Dread he started back,
As when the Shepherd in the thorny Brake
Treads unawares upon a sleeping Snake.

...n, creeping forward to th' adjoining Couch,
...hose Silk with Softness met his gentle Touch,
...e mounted on the Side that next him lay,
...s Spear advanc'd and ready for the Fray.
...t lifting up the Clothes, and feeling there,
...e found huge Legs all rough with thickset Hair.
...rpriz'd, and groping farther, still in vain,
...is curious Search alarm'd the sturdy Swain,
...hose backstroke Fist recoiling at his Head
...umbled the Silvan from the lofty Bed.
...he Noise disturb'd the Nymph, who in a Fright
...all'd up the Slaves, and bid them bring a Light.
...Light was brought; which soon discover'd All;
...oor *Faunus* bruis'd and groaning with his Fall;
...ho scarce could raise his batter'd Limbs from Ground:
...Ridicule to all the drunken Vassals round.
...oud laught the well-begotten Son of *Jove*,
...he *Lydian* Damsel laught, to see her Love
...ith uncouth Pain distort his Satyr's Face,
...sham'd and limping from th' unlucky Place.

The God, by Clothes thus fatally beguil'd,
His Hopes betray'd, his amorous Fancy foil'd,
Hates all Attire; and hence his wanton Priests
Admit the naked only to his Feasts.

Then, to refreſh and purify the Heart,
Divines would only view each outward Part:
But modern *Rome*, to ſcour us all from Sin,
Appoints a prying Prieſt to peep within.
Both bent to know the Secrets of Mankind,
The Body Thoſe perus'd, but Theſe the Mind.

ON

ON FLORINDA,

Seen while she was bathing.

'TWAS Summer, and the clear resplendent Moon,
Shedding far o'er the Plains her full-orb'd Light,
Among the lesser Stars distinctly shone,
Despoiling of its Gloom the scanty Night,
When, walking forth, a lonely Path I took
Nigh the fair Border of a purling Brook.

Sweet and refreshing was the Midnight Air,
Whose gentle Motions hush't the silent Grove;
Silent, unless when prick'd with wakeful Care
Philomel warbled out her Tale of Love:
While blooming Flowers, which in the Meadows grew,
O'er all the Place their blended Odours threw.

Just by, the limpid River's chrystal Wave,
Its Eddies gilt with *Phœbe*'s silver Ray,
Still as it flow'd a glittering Lustre gave
With glancing Gleams that emulate the Day;
Yet, oh! not half so bright as those that rise
Where young *Florinda* bends her smiling Eyes.

What-

Whatever pleaſing Views my Senſes meet,
Her intermingled Charms improve the Theme;
The warbling Birds, the Flowers that breathe ſo ſweet,
And the ſoft Surface of the dimpled Stream,
Reſembling in the Nymph ſome lovely Part,
With Pleaſures more exalted ſeize my Heart.

Wrapt in theſe Thoughts I negligently rov'd,
Imagin'd Tranſports all my Soul employ,
When the delightful Voice of Her I lov'd,
Sent thro' the Shades a Sound of real Joy.
Confus'd it came, with giggling Laughter mixt,
And Echo from the Banks replied betwixt.

Inſpir'd with Hope, upborn with light Deſire,
To the dear Place my ready Footſteps tend,
Quick, as when kindling Trails of active Fire
Up to their native Firmament aſcend:
There ſhrouded in the Briars unſeen I ſtood,
And thro' the Leaves ſurvey'd the neighbouring Flood.

Florinda, with two Siſter Nymphs, undreſt,
Within the Channel of the cooly Tide,
By bathing ſought to ſooth her Virgin Breaſt,
Nor could the Night her dazling Beauties hide;
Her Features, glowing with eternal Bloom,
Darted, like *Heſper*, thro' the dusky Gloom.

Her

Her Hair bound backward in a ſpiral Wreath
Her upper Beauties to my Sight betray'd,
The happy Stream, concealing Thoſe beneath,
Around her Waſte with circling Waters play'd;
Who, while the Fair One on his Boſom ſported,
Her dainty Limbs with liquid Kiſſes courted.

A Thouſand *Cupids* with their infant Arms
Swam padling in the Current here and there;
Some, with Smiles innocent, remark'd the Charms
Of the regardleſs undeſigning Fair;
Some, with their little Eben Bows full-bended
And levell'd Shafts, the naked Girl defended.

Her Eyes, her Lips, her Breaſts exactly round,
Of Lilly Hue, unnumber'd Arrows ſent;
Which to my Heart an eaſy Paſſage found,
Thrill'd in my Bones and thro' my Marrow went:
Some bubling upward thro' the Water came,
Prepar'd by Fancy to augment my Flame.

Ah Love! how ill I bore thy pleaſing Pain!
For while the tempting Scene ſo near I view'd,
A fierce Impatience throb'd in every Vein,
Diſcretion fled, and Reaſon lay ſubdued;
My Blood beat high, and with it's trembling made
A ſtrange Commotion in the ruſtling Shade.

Fear

Fear ſeiz'd the timorous *Naiads*, all aghaſt
Their boding Spirits at the Omen ſink,
Their Eyes they wildly on each other caſt
And meditate to gain the farther Brink;
When in I plung'd, reſolving to aſſwage
In the cool Gulph Love's importuning Rage.

Ah, ſtay *Florinda!* (ſo I meant to ſpeak)
Let not from Love the loveliest Object fly!
But e'er I ſpoke, a loud combining Squeak
From ſhrilling Voices pierc'd the diſtant Sky:
When ſtrait, as each was their peculiar Care,
Th' immortal Powers to bring Relief prepare.

A golden Cloud deſcended from above,
Like that which whilom hung on *Ida*'s Brow,
Where *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of Love,
As then to *Paris*, were conſpicuous now.
Each Goddeſs ſeiz'd her fav'rite Charge, and threw
Around her Limbs a Robe of azure Hue.

But *Venus*, who with Pity ſaw my Flame
Kindled by her own *Amoret* ſo bright,
Approv'd in private what ſhe ſeem'd to blame,
And bleſs'd me with a Viſion of Delight:
Careleſs ſhe dropt *Florinda*'s Veil aſide,
That nothing mought her choiceſt Beauties hide.

I ſaw *Elyſium* and the milky Way
Fair-opening to the Shades beneath her Breaſt;
In *Venus'* Lap the ſtruggling Wanton lay,
And, while ſhe ſtrove to hide, reveal'd the reſt.
A Mole, embrown'd with no unſeemly Grace,
Grew near, embelliſhing the ſacred Place.

So pleas'd I view'd, as One fatigued with Heat
Who near at Hand beholds a ſhady Bower,
Joyful, in Hope amidſt the kind Retreat
To ſhun the Day-ſtar in his Noontide Hour;
Or as when parcht with droughty Thirſt he ſpies
A moſſy Grott whence pureſt Waters riſe.

So I *Florinda*———but beheld in vain:
Like *Tantalus*, who in the Realms below
Sees bluſhing Fruits, which to increaſe his Pain,
When he attempts to eat, his Taſte forego.
O *Venus*, give me more, or let me drink
Of *Lethe's* Fountain, and forget to think.

FINIS.

Juſt Publiſhed.

A SELECT COLLECTION of NOVELS, Curiouſly Printed, in Four Pocket Volumes; Written by the moſt Celebrated Authors in ſeveral Languages: Many of which never appear'd in Engliſh before; and all New Tranſlated from the Originals, by Several Eminent Hands.

VOL. I. [*Dedicated to Her Highneſs the Princeſs* ANNE]
Contains,

Monſieur Huet's Letter to Monſieur de Segrais upon the Original of Romances.
ZAYDE. In Two Parts.
The Marriage of Belfegor.
The Jealous Eſtremaduran.

VOL. II. [*Dedicated to Mrs.* ANNE BOSCAWEN]
Contains,

The Princeſs of Cleves. In Four Parts.
The Fair Maid of the Inn.
The Force of Friendſhip.
The Hiſtory of the Captive.

VOL. III. [*Dedicated to the Honourable Mrs.* LEPELL]
Contains,

Don Carlos.
The Hiſtory of Count Belflor and Leonora de Ceſpides.
The Curious Impertinent.
The Prevalence of Blood.
The Liberal Lover.
The Beautiful Turk.

VOL. IV. [*Dedicated to Mrs.* SARAH CORNISH]
Contains,

The Happy Slave. In Three Parts.
The Rival Ladies.
The Innocent Adultery.
The Hiſtory of the Conſpiracy of the Spaniards againſt the Republick of Venice.